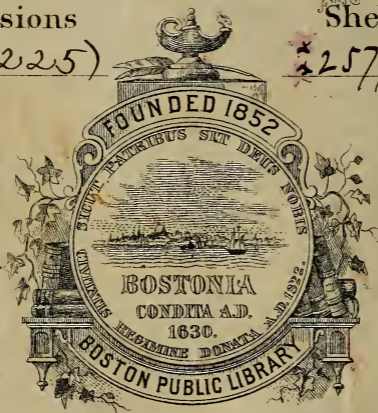


Accessions

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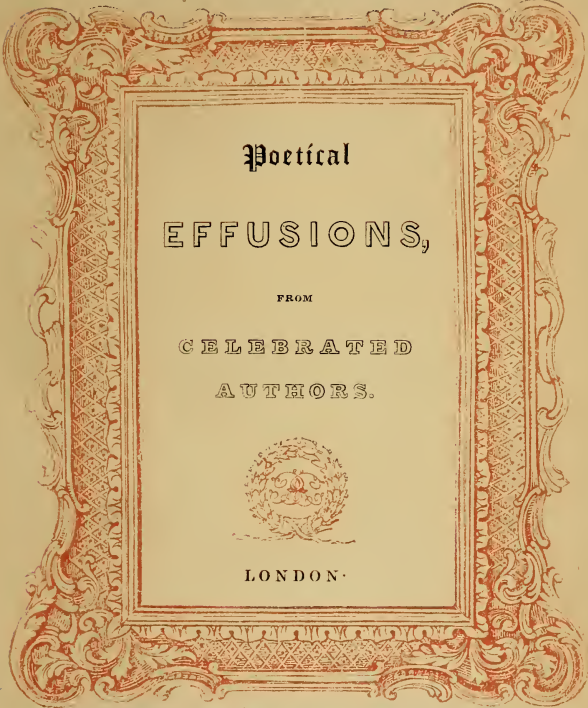


Received

May 2, 1892.



ILLUSTRATED
WITH FIFTY-SIX ENGRAVINGS,
FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS,
BY CRUIKSHANK.

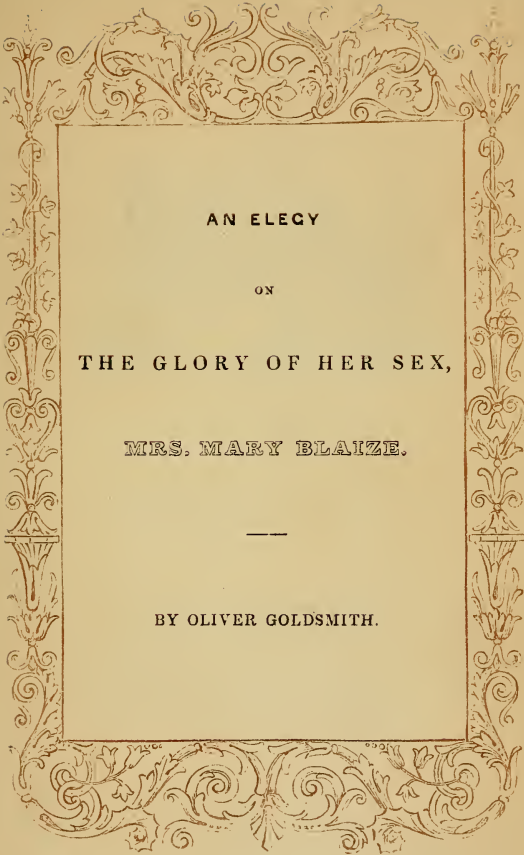


Poetical
EFFUSIONS,
FROM
CELEBRATED
AUTHORS.



LONDON.

ALLAN BELL AND CO., WARWICK SQUARE;
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.;
T. TEGG AND SON; SHEPHERD AND SUTTON;
AND H. WASHBOURNE,
EDINBURGH:—FRASER AND CO.



AN ELEGY
ON
THE GLORY OF HER SEX,
MRS. MARY BLAIZE.

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

B. H.
(29.255-)

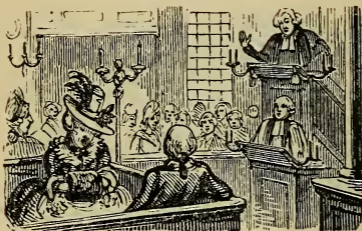
May 2, 1892.



ELEGY ON

MADAM BLAIZE.

Good people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her praise.



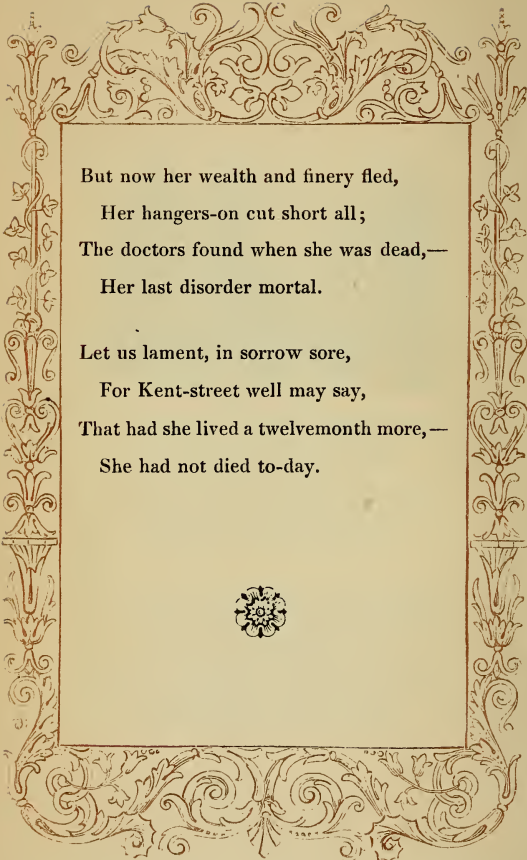
The needy seldom pass'd her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor—
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please,
With manners wondrous winning;
And never follow'd wicked ways,—
Unless when she was sinning.



At church, in silks or satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size,
She never slumber'd in her pew,—
But when she shut her eyes.

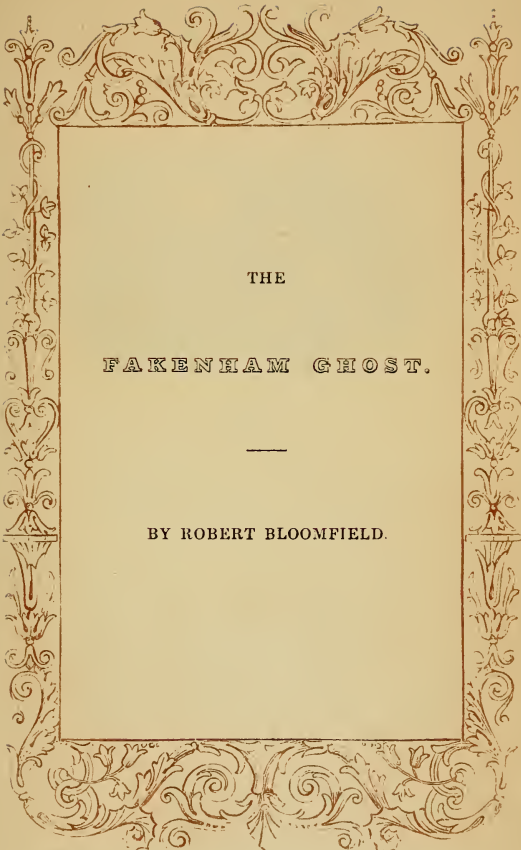
Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The king himself has follow'd her,—
When she has walk'd before.



But now her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all;
The doctors found when she was dead,—
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
For Kent-street well may say,
That had she lived a twelvemonth more,—
She had not died to-day.





THE
FAKENHAM GHOST.

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.



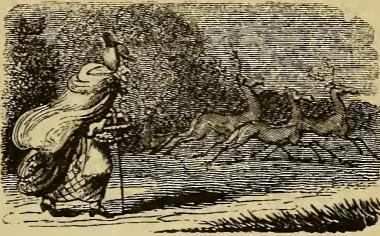
THE
FAKENHAM GHOST.

THE lawns were dry in Euston park ;
(Here truth inspire my tale ;)
The lonely footpath, still and dark,
Led over hill and dale.



Benighted was an ancient dame,
And fearful haste she made
To gain the vale of Fakenham,
And hail its willow shade.

Her footsteps knew no idle stops,
But follow'd faster still;
And echoed to the darksome copse
That whisper'd on the hill.



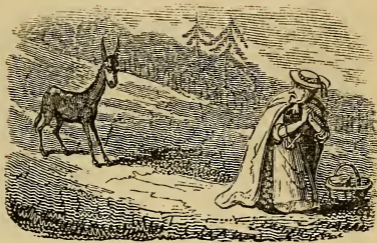
Where clam'rous rooks, yet scarcely hush'd,
Bespoke a peopled shade ;
And many a wing the foliage brush'd,
And hov'ring circuits made.

The dappled herd of grazing deer,
That sought the shades by day,
Now started from her path with fear,
And gave the stranger way.



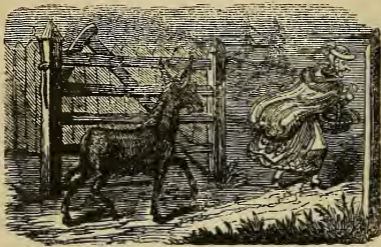
Darker it grew, and darker fears
Came o'er her troubled mind;
When now a short, quick step she hears,
Come patting close behind.

She turn'd, it stopt;—nor could she see,
Upon the gloomy plain!
But, as she strove the sprite to flee,
She heard the same again.



Now terror seiz'd her quaking frame ;
For where the path was bare,
The trotting ghost kept on the same !
She mutter'd many a prayer.

Yet once again, amidst her fright,
She tried what sight could do ;
When, through the cheating glooms of night,
A monster stood in view.



Regardless of whate'er she felt,
It followed down the plain!
She own'd her sins, and down she knelt,
And said her prayers again.

Then on she sped; and hope grew strong
The white park gate in view,
Which pushing hard so long it swung
That ghost and all pass'd through.



Loud fell the gate against the post!
Her heart-strings like to crack;
For much she fear'd the grisly ghost
Would leap upon her back.

Still on, pat, pat, the goblin went,
As it had done before!
Her strength and resolution spent,
She fainted at the door.



Out came her husband, much surpris'd :
Out came her daughter dear :
Good natur'd souls! all unadvis'd
Of what they had to fear.

The candle's gleam pierc'd through the
night,
Some short space o'er the green,
And there the little trotting sprite
Distinctly could be seen.



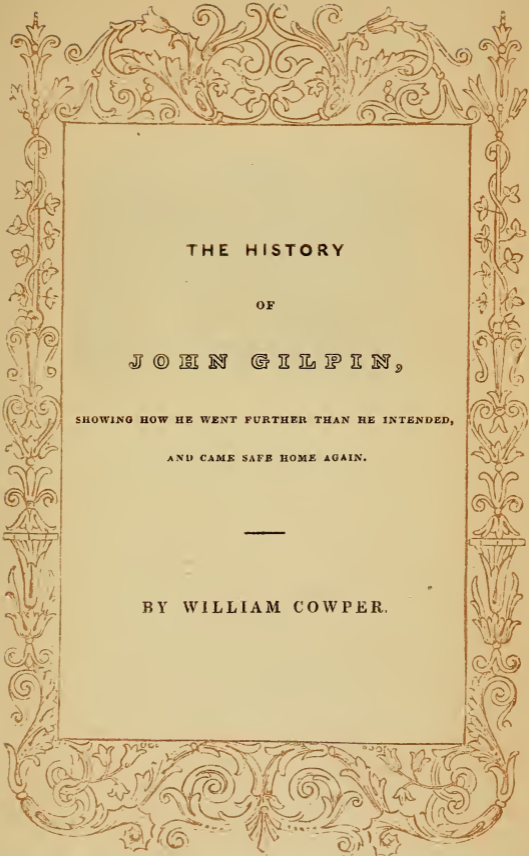
An ass's foal had lost its dam
Within the spacious park,
And, simple as the playful lamb,
Had follow'd in the dark.

No goblin he, no imp of sin,
No crimes had ever known;
They took the shaggy stranger in,
And rear'd him as their own.



His little hoofs would rattle round
Upon the cottage floor ;
The matron learn'd to love the sound
That frightened her before.

A favourite the ghost became,
And 'twas his fate to thrive :
And long he liv'd, and spread his fame,
And kept the joke alive.



THE HISTORY

OF

JOHN GILPIN,

SHOWING HOW HE WENT FURTHER THAN HE INTENDED,

AND CAME SAFE HOME AGAIN.



BY WILLIAM COWPER.



JOHN GILPIN.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.



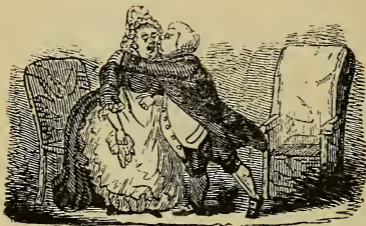
John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
 "Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
 No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,
 And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
 All in a chaise and pair.



“ My sister, and my sister’s child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we.”

He soon replied, “ I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.



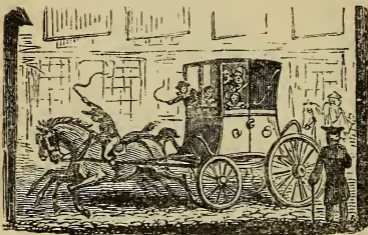
“I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go.”

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, “That’s well said,
And, for that wine is dear,
We will be furnish’d with our own,
Which is both bright and clear.”



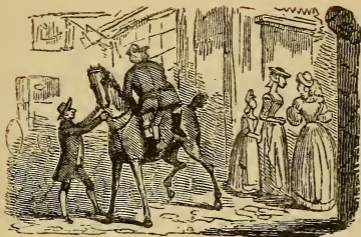
John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife ;
O'erjoy'd was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.



So three doors off the chaise was stay'd,
Where they did all get in ;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the
wheels,
Were never folk so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside wére mad.



John Gilpin at his horse's side

Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got in haste to ride,
But soon came down again :

For saddle-tree scarce reach'd had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.



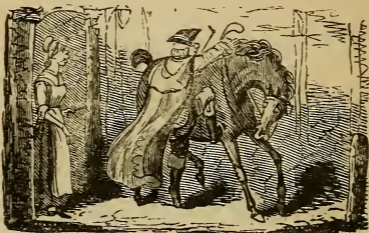
So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down stairs,
"The wine is left behind!"



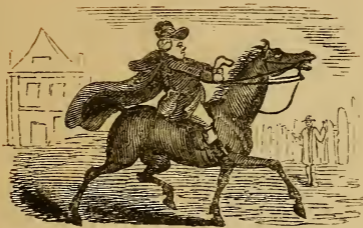
“ Good lack !” quoth he—“ yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise.”

Now Mrs. Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.



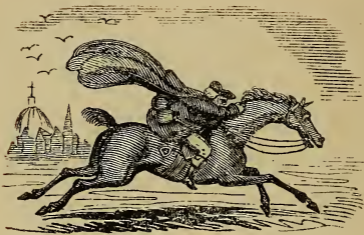
Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipp'd from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat,
He manfully did throw.



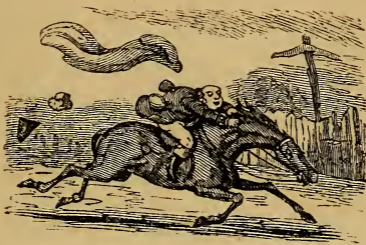
Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones
With caution and good heed.

But, finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which gall'd him in his seat.



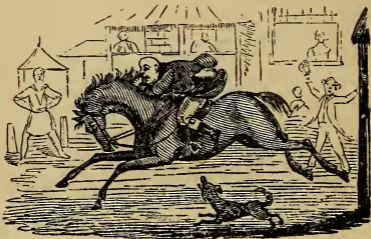
“So, fair and softly,” John he cried,
But John he cried in vain ;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.



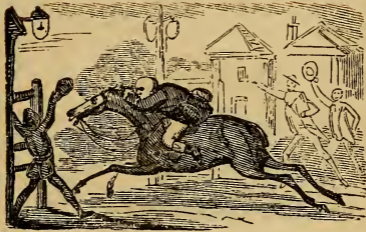
His horse, which never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.



The wind did blow, the cloak did fly
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.



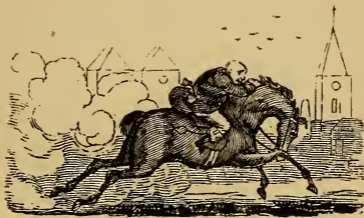
'The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around:
"He carries weight! he rides a race!
'Tis for a thousand pound!"



And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view,
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shatter'd at a blow.



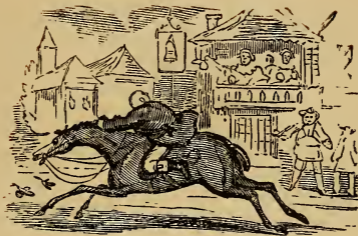
Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle necks
Still dangling at his waist.



Thus, all through merry Islington,
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.



At Edmonton, his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

“ Stop, stop, John Gilpin?—Here’s the
house ”—

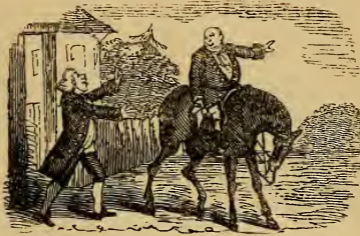
They all at once did cry ;

“ The dinner waits, and we are tired, ”—
Said Gilpin—“ So am I ! ”



But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there ;
For why ?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong ;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.



Away went Gilpin out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:—



“What news? what news? your tidings
tell;

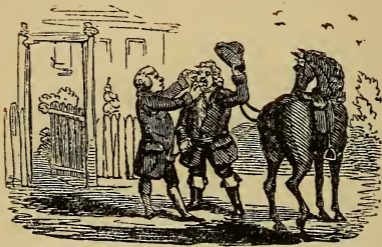
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bare-headed you are come,
Or why you come at all.”

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke:—



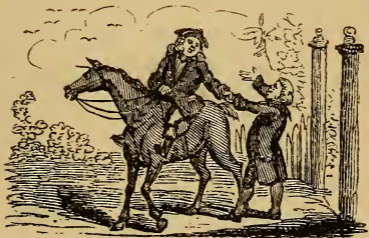
“I came because your horse would come ;
And, if I well forbode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,
’They are upon the road.”

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in :



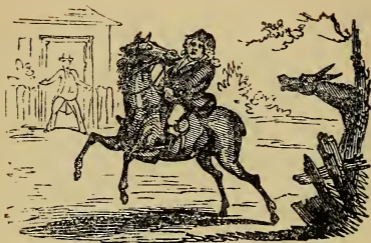
Whence straight he came with hat and wig,
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit,
“My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.



“ But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face,
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case.”

Said John—“ It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare
If wife should dine at Edmonton
And I should dine at Ware.”



So turning to his horse he said,

“ I am in haste to dine ;

’Twas for your pleasure you came here,

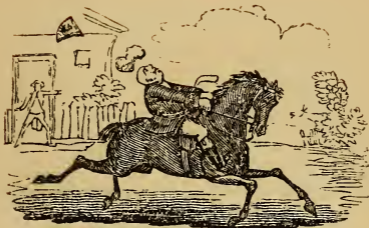
You shall go back for mine.”

Ah ! luckless speech, and bootless boast,

For which he paid full dear ;

For, while he spoke, a braying ass

Did sing most loud and clear,—



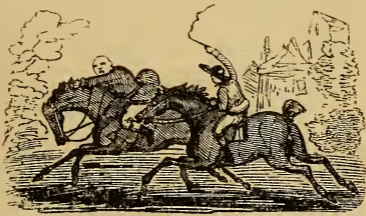
Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig;
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why? They were too big.



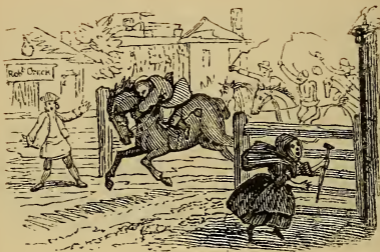
Now Mrs. Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pull'd out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth she said
That drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be yours when you bring back
My husband safe and well."



The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain ;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein ;

But, not performing what he meant
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run.



Away went Gilpin, and away
Went post-boy at his heels,
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry:—

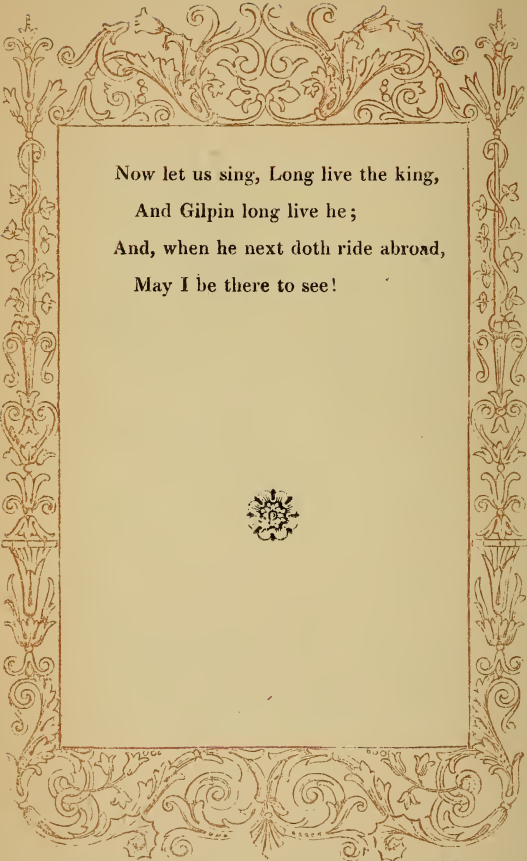
A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns surrounds the text. The border is composed of repeating motifs of leaves, flowers, and scrolls, creating a frame for the central text.

“ Stop thief! stop thief! a highwayman!”

Not one of them was mute ;
And all and each that pass'd that way
Did join in the pursuit.

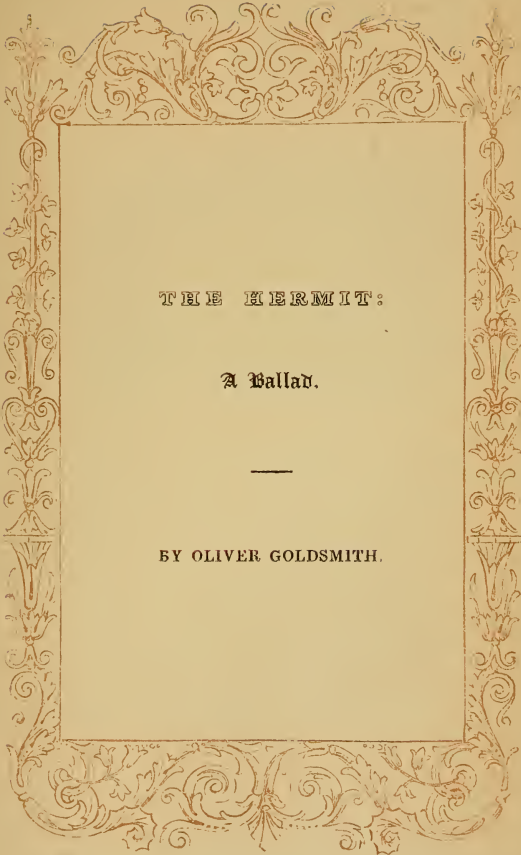
And now the turnpike-gates again
Flew open in short space :
The toll-men thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town ;
Nor stopp'd till where he had got up,
He did again get down.



Now let us sing, Long live the king,
And Gilpin long live he ;
And, when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

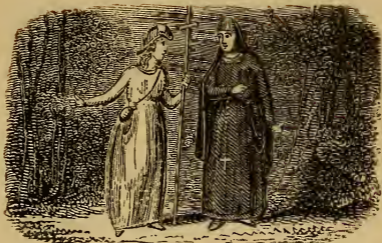




THE HERMIT:

A Ballad.

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.



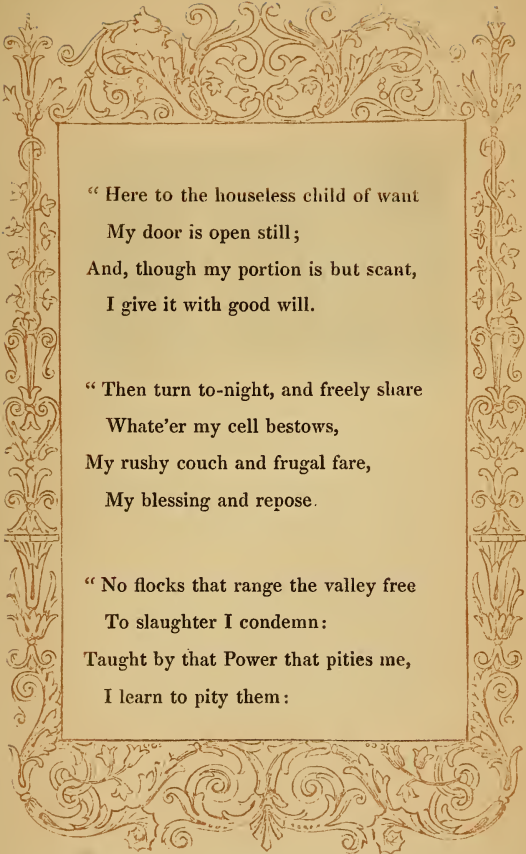
THE HERMIT.

“TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way,
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.



“ For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow;
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go.”

“ Forbear, my son,” the Hermit cries,
“ To tempt the dangerous gloom;
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.”



“ Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still;
And, though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

“ Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows,
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

“ No flocks that range the valley free
To slaughter I condemn:
Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them :



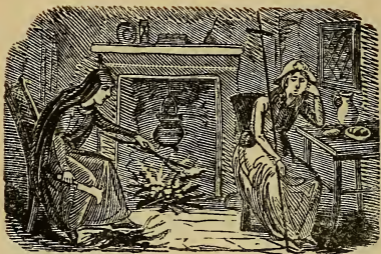
“ But from the mountain’s grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring ;
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring.

“ Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;
All earth-born cares are wrong ;
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.”



Soft as the dew from heaven descends
His gentle accents fell :
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far, in a wilderness obscure,
The lonely mansion lay ;
A refuge to the neighb'ring poor,
And strangers led astray.



No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a master's care ;
The wicket, op'ning with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The Hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest :



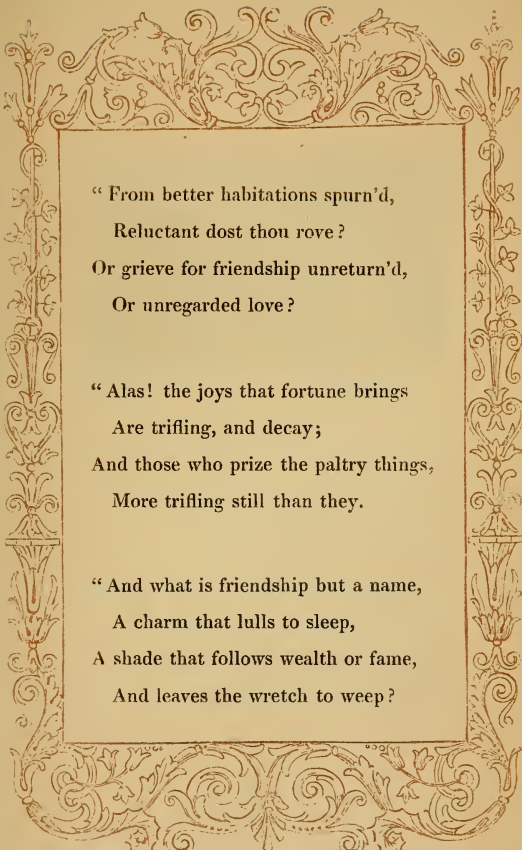
And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily press'd and smil'd;
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguil'd.

Around, in sympathetic mirth,
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrup in the hearth;
The crackling faggot flies.



But nothing could a charm impart,
To soothe the stranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

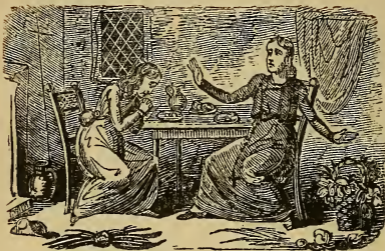
His rising cares the Hermit spied,
With answering care oppress'd:
And, "Whence, unhappy youth," he cried,
"The sorrows of thy breast?"



“ From better habitations spurn’d,
Reluctant dost thou rove ?
Or grieve for friendship unreturn’d,
Or unregarded love ?

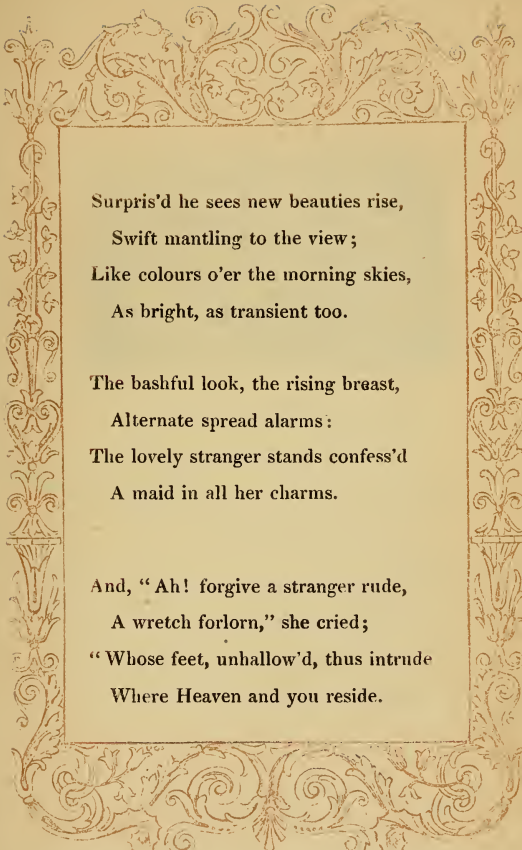
“ Alas! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay ;
And those who prize the paltry things,
More trifling still than they.

“ And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep ?



“ And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair-one’s jest ;
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle’s nest.

“ For shame, fond youth ! thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex,” he said :
But, while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray’d.



Surpris'd he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view ;
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms :
The lovely stranger stands confess'd
A maid in all her charms.

And, " Ah! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn," she cried ;
" Whose feet, unhallow'd, thus intrude
Where Heaven and you reside.



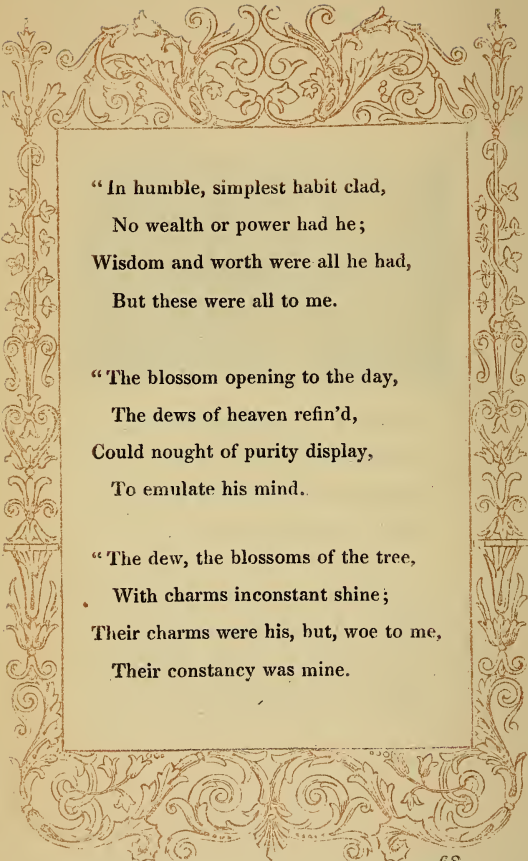
“But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray:
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

“My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he;
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine;
He had but only me.



“To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumber'd suitors came,
Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
And felt or feigned a flame.

“Each hour a mercenary crowd,
With richest proffers strove;
Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.



“ In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth or power had he ;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

“ The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refin'd,
Could nought of purity display,
To emulate his mind.

“ The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
With charms inconstant shine ;
Their charms were his, but, woe to me,
Their constancy was mine.



“ For still I tried each fickle art,
 Importunate and vain;
And, while his passion touch'd my heart,
 I triumph'd in his pain.

“ Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
 He left me to my pride;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
 In secret, where he died.



“ But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay ;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

“ And there, forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die ;
’Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I.”



“Forbid it, Heaven!” the Hermit cried,
And clasped her to his breast:
The wondering fair-one turn’d to chide;
’Twas Edwin’s self that press’d!

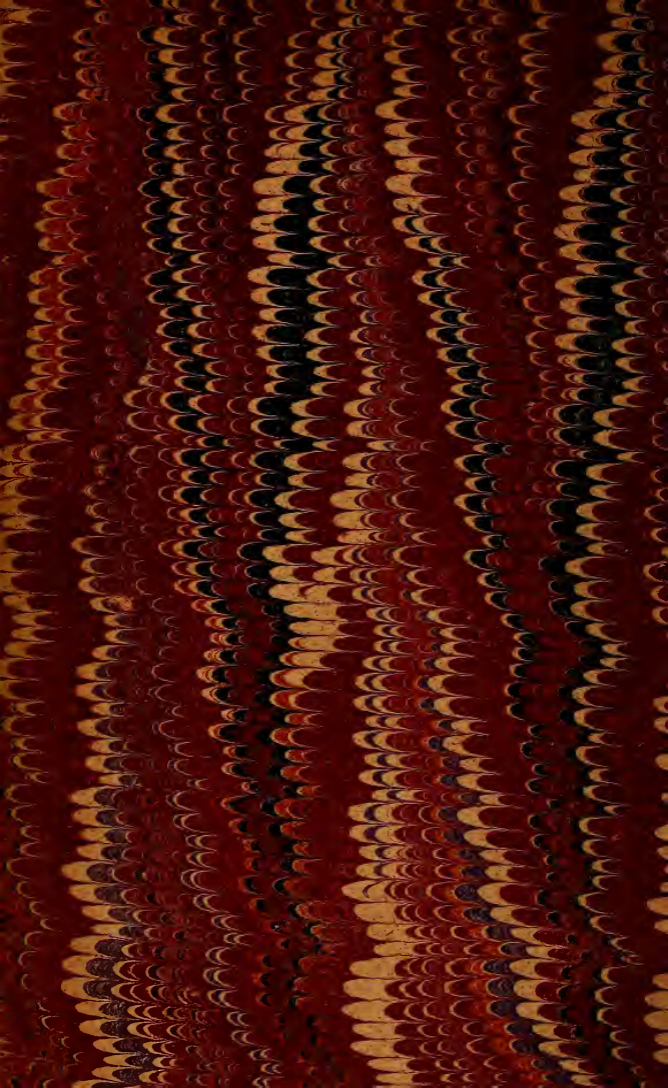
“Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restor’d to love and thee.



“Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign :
And shall we never, never part,
My life—my all that’s mine?”

“No, never from this hour to part,
We’ll live and love so true ;
The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
Shall break thy Edwin’s too.”

THE END.



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